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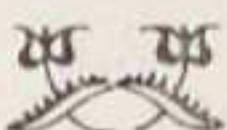
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Frank T. Fries, Publisher, 519 W. Church St., Orrville, O.

Volume I. NOVEMBER, 1928. Whole No. 3

FRANK READE, JR.'S, "WARRIOR;" or,  
FIGHTING APACHES IN ARIZONA

By "Noname"



The Apaches came down upon him now, full tilt, firing their rifles and yelling like demons.

In the gloom, their shadowy forms went circling about him in a death circle.

Closer drew the circle.

The scout had received three slight wounds.

The bullets were flying about him like hail.

Doggedly he worked his repeater.

At this moment, when hope seemed gone, a strange thing happened.

There was a thunderous trembling of the ground, and out of the darkness there rushed a mighty black monster. It was shaped something like a car, with

(continued on page 8)

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## **FRANK MERRIWELL vs. FRED FEARNOT**

Written Especially for This Magazine

By RALPH P. SMITH

President H. H. B. and Author of Numerous  
Special Magazine Articles.



### **P A R T T H R E E**

The great bowl was filled to capacity, except for a few sections of the top tier, and into these remote

seats, a steady file of persons wended their way across the narrow aisles, and numerous feet extended thereinto. It was a noisy and boisterous crowd, but withal a happy one.

Behind the batter's position was a stand, built out from the rest of the grandstand, which was gaily bedecked with bunting and flags and which housed some one hundred individuals of evident importance. On either side of the President of The United States, were Cummings and Smith, of The Happy Hours Brotherhood, and next to Cummings was Fries, who was instrumental in bringing Frank Merriwell back in 1927, to Sport Story readers, and beside them and in back, were the rank and file of the Happy Hours Boys, due to whose united efforts, this tremendous spectacle had been arranged. Its members, ranging from California to Maine, were all present, and a happy, joyous crowd they were.

Lining the bases and before the wings of the grandstand were long boxes full of people in all manner of dress and appearance. There were about half a hundred in each section, in which was also housed the respective nines of Fearnott and Merriwell. These people were the old dime novel heroes and friends who were able to attend the gathering.

In addition to the field glasses in each row, were acousticon phones, which were connected with the

umpire's positions in the underground boxes. It was evident that those who failed to see all, could at least hear what they missed seeing, either directly from the umpires, as they announced each play, or from Graham McNamee, who was broadcasting from a special tower erected over the roof of the Happy Hours Brotherhood box, and two of his friends: Mr. Rickard and his stenographer.

The snappy outfit, known as the Young Rough Riders, was patrolling the grounds on horseback. But it seemed that in such an orderly group, no police protection was necessary. However, scattered at various distances were plain clothes detectives, most of whom had figured in some novel of the past.

It was just ten minutes before play was to be announced.

Off in section DZF, a gathering of men, half a dozen in number, were displaying a placard, which one could read, with the aid of field glaeses: "GOOD LUCK 'FEARNOT.'" Disdaining an invitation to sit with the other heroes, the "Chickering Set" had assembled, hoping to see the final downfall of Frank Merriwell.

Ollie Lord, in his choker, and Lew Veazie, foppishly lisping his animosity, were being frowned upon by that master hypocrite, Chickering, himself, who was saying, "Oh, I say now: Let's have fair play. I hope the best man wins."

In the boxes opposite third base, where sat the Merriwell nine, Bart Hodge was walking up and down, thumping his fist into his gloved left hand. At his side was big Bruce Browning, no less excited.

"Here's the note," exclaimed Hodge, handing over a telegram. "This is what Merry handed me at 2:00 o'clock, as he grabbed his hat and ran."

Browning read the telegram, which was addressed to Frank. It was as follows: "Passing through Fredonia enroute to coast. Try see me. Train in 2:00 o'clock. Signed, Felicia Delores."

"Who the heck is Felicia Delores?" exploded Bruce.

"She was Dick's Western childhood playmate," explained Bart. "She is also his cousin. Dick went with Frank. Neither of them has seen 'or heard of her for twenty long years. She went to Spain and stayed with relatives. She is Spanish, and of course you know Dick Merriwell's mother was a Spanish lady."

"Well, they ought to be back by now. It's five minutes to three and almost time for the game to begin. What are we going to do?"

"That's a question.---Hello, here's Dick!"

Dick Merriwell came into the tunnel under the grandstand in a slow trot. He came right up to Hodge and Browning and grabbed the former by the shoulder.

"Frank's missing!" he cried." He never reached the station. Where he went, or what happened, no one knows. I should have stayed and helped in the hunt, but the game must go on---We can't disappoint all these people. Doesn't it beat the Dutch?" Dick gritted his teeth. "I sent Bowery Billy over to see if he could locate Frank. Look! There are the umpires!"

Frank Manley and Dick Daresome strolled out onto the diamond.

As Daresome adjusted his mask behind the plate, Manley strode out to beyond the pitcher's box, while the Fearnott team came in off the field.

A mighty cheer went up.

Fred Fearnott strode out to meet and talk with the umpire.

A tremendous ovation was given him.

Dick Merriwell entered the Diamond.

While there was considerable cheering and a tremendous noise, one could notice an undercurrent of surprise that welled through the crowd and hear the oft repeated question: "Where's Frank?"

A coin was tossed, and Merriwell's team took the field and Fearnott's team prepared to bat.

The umpire, Manley, removed his cap and took a step or two forward. He held up his hand for a few minutes before the crowd quieted down, and then he made the announcement:

"Ladies - and - gentlemen ! Bat - teries for today ! Fearnot's team : Fearnot and Olcott ! Merriwell's team : Wiley and Hodge !

First, a stunned crowd. Then, an angry crowd. And finally, a throaty crowd took up the yell, "Where is Merriwell ! We want Frank Merriwell !"

Up in section DZF, a half dozen genuine disappointed bloods received this announcement in disgust.

"Jutht like him," lisped Lew Veazie. "Knew he'd get knocked out of the bokth, tho he took a thneak."

ADS IN THIS COLUMN, ONE CENT A WORD

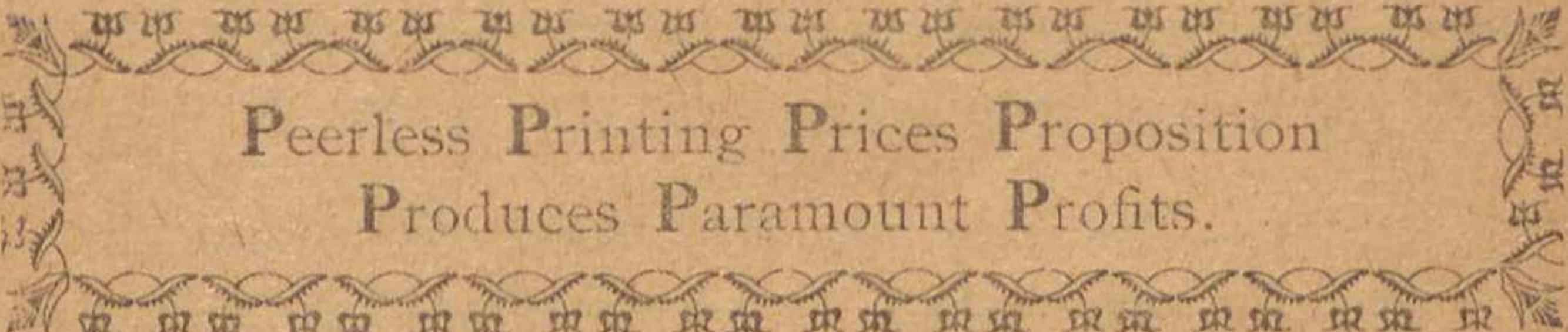
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"Do not worry," advised Chickering, "It's Merriwell's old gag. If he didn't pull this stunt, it would not seem like old times. That drunken sailor will blow up in the first; Richard Merriwell will rescue the team and then, in turn, will start to slump in the eighth; and lo, in the first of the ninth, in will come Mr. Frank Merriwell, bowing and scraping to the roar of the crowd. In that way, both the Merriwell boys will get all the credit for pulling the team out of a bad hole; and if the game is lost they will say it isn't the fault of either of them. But I'm terribly afraid they will be too late."

"Thath juth the way I feel about it deah boy," simpered Veasie, and the rest of the set agreed.

Walter Wiley was terribly nervous. He stretched his arms as if to insure there elasticity. He watched the bases as though he were afraid one might vanish, should he turn his back. He checked over the fielders as though he expected to discover four the next time he looked.

"Play ball," cried the umpire.

Swinging his arm like a windmill a half dozen times, Wiley spun the ball over for a neat drop, and Olcott, who headed the list, fouled it into the bleachers.

Watch for "Young Wild West, the Prince of the Saddle and Champion Deadshot," which will soon be started in the "Frank Reade Nickel Library."

"That's finding it," roared the crowd.

The next was an outcurve, which Terry simply looked at. Another was not just satisfactory, and he let it pass.

Wiley started the ball down near the ground, and turning a half circle, put one over the plate.

"Two and two," said the umpire.

"You've got him guessing," piped a shrill voice from the grandstand. "Guess those movements hypnotize 'em."

Terry made a swing at the next and missed. He was out.

Wiley bewildered the next two batters, and the side was retired.

The Merriwells could do nothing against Fred, who retired the side with twelve pitched balls.

Wiley passed the first batter, and then struck out the next two. The third got a single, he passed the fourth, and that filled the bases.

Hodge and Wiley held a consultation.

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It's nearly time for Christmas gifts. Order some name cards, envelopes, letterheads or any other printing for your friends. Send name and address and we'll do the rest. See Peerless Prices on another page.

"Mate," said Wiley, "I'll razzle-dazzle this next bird."

"Wiley," growled Hodge, "Better try to pitch, and never mind this clock-winding business."

The Marine Marvel seemed not at his best; at least the breaks went against him. He got the next batter with three balls and two strikes, but the batter refused the next ball, was passed and forced in a run.

Dick Merriwell and the Marine Marvel changed places, and Dick struck the next man out with three pitched balls, retiring the side. Score: 1-0.

At this moment a taxicab tore along the grandstand and stopped.

Out jumped Frank Merriwell, bareheaded and all out of breath.

A joyous shout went up from the crowd.

(To be concluded in Dec. issue.)

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windows a blaze of light. And as it thundered down upon the Apaches, there came a puff of smoke, a roar, a terrific explosion, and the air became filled with flying debris and the mangled bodies of luckless Apaches.

The strange apparition did not come in the scout's direction. Nor was he near enough to be injured by the explosion.

In less time than it takes to tell it, all was over.

The Apaches scattered in terror and the car disappeared in the darkness. The scout caught a riderless horse and soon was upon its back.

"Great beavers," he cried. "What under the sun was that? It beats anything I ever heard of. Couldn't be a stray locomotive."

He had to give it up. The car was gone, but the Apaches might return. So Lariat Luke again set his course and away into the night.

Two hours later he topped a rise in the prairie and saw lights in the distance. He knew at once they were the lights of the fort he was hunting.

Suddenly, as he drew near, a voice cried: "Halt, who goes there?"

"A friend," replied Luke, "And I must see Lieut-Clark at once. I'm Lariat Luke, the scout."

"Dismount and come nearer. I recognize your voice. Don't you know me?"

Luke dismounted and approached the sentry.

"Jim Kelley!"

"Luke!"

(To be continued in next month's issue).